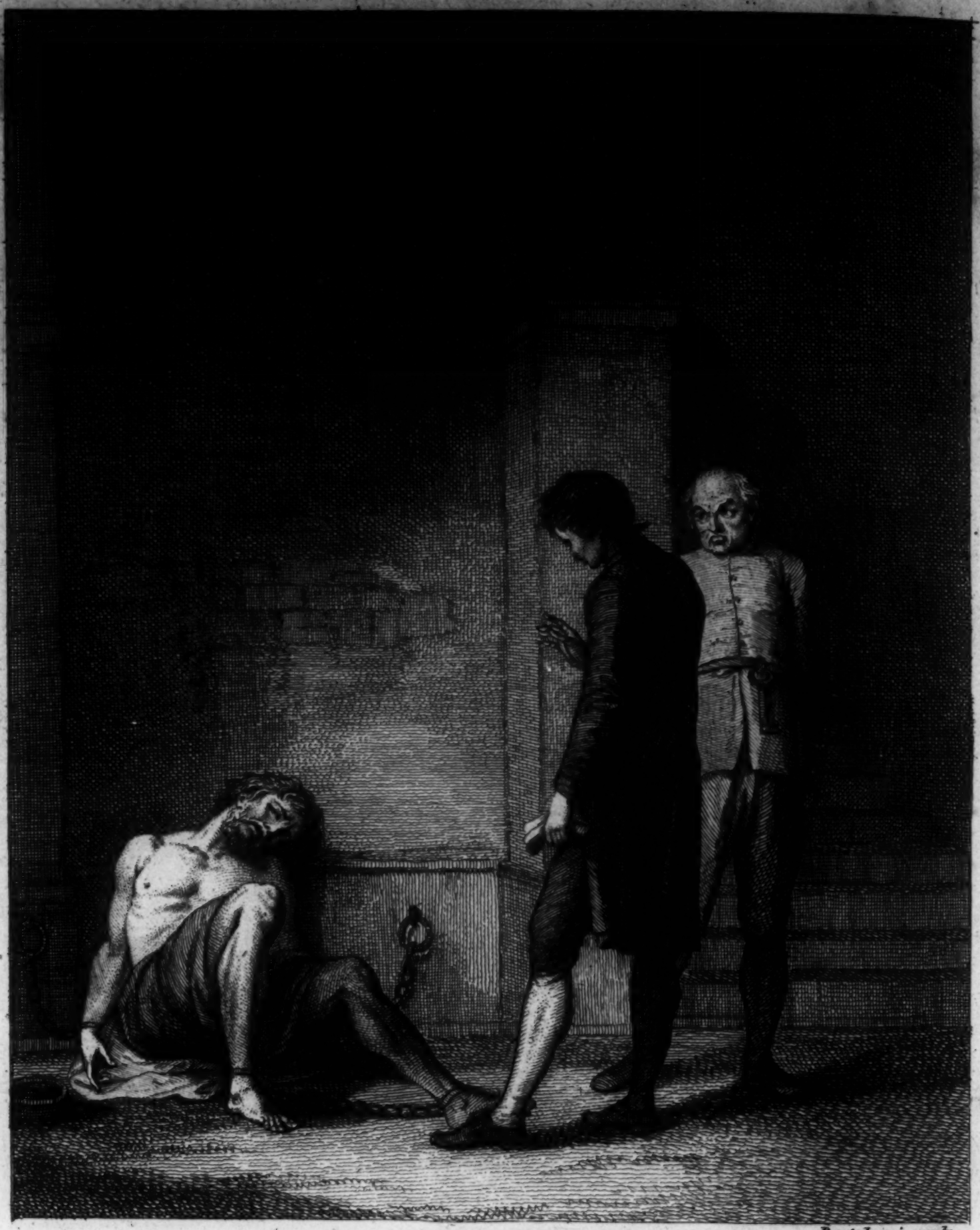

Bartolozzi sculp.

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O D E,

INSCRIBED TO

JOHN HOWARD, Esq. F. R. S.

AUTHOR OF

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Πολεϑιν ευσεϑης πονος. EURIPIDES.

By WILLIAM HAYLEY, Esq.

THE THIRD EDITION.

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THE THIRD EDITION

OF

JOHN HOWARD'S

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IN

ENGLAND AND WALES.

WITH

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS,

AND

AN ACCOUNT OF SOME FOREIGN PRISONS.

PRINTED FOR T. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL;

AND

J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

M,DCC,LXXX.

O D E, &c.

FAV'RITE of Heaven, and friend of Earth!
Philanthropy, benignant Power!
Whoſe ſons diſplay no doubtful worth,
The pageant of the paſſing hour!
Teach me to paint, in deathleſs ſong,
Some darling from thy filial throng,
Whoſe deeds no party-rage inſpire,
But fill th' agreeing world with one deſire,
To echo his renown, reſponſive to my lyre!

Ah! whither lead'ſt thou?—whence that ſigh?
What ſound of woe my boſom jars?
Why paſs, where Miſery's hollow eye
Glares wildly thro' thoſe gloomy bars?
Is Virtue ſunk in theſe abodes,
Where keen Remorſe the heart corrodes;
Where Guilt's baſe blood with frenzy boils,
And Blaſphemy the mournful ſcene embroils?—
From this infernal gloom my ſhudd'ring ſoul recoils.

But whence thoſe ſudden ſacred beams?
Oppreſſion drops his iron rod!
And all the bright'ning dungeon ſeems
To ſpeak the preſence of a God.
Philanthropy's deſcending ray
Diffuſes unexpected day!
Lovelieſt of angels!—at her ſide
Her favourite votary ſtands;—her Engliſh pride,
Thro' Horror's manſions led by this celeſtial guide.

Hail!

Hail! generous HOWARD! tho' thou bear
A name which Glory's hand ſublime
Has blazon'd oft, with guardian care,
In characters that fear not Time;
For thee ſhe fondly ſpreads her wings;
For thee from Paradiſe ſhe brings,
More verdant than her laurel bough,
Such wreaths of ſacred Palm, as ne'er till now
The ſmiling Seraph twin'd around a mortal brow.

That Hero's * praiſe ſhall ever bloom,
Who ſhielded our inſulted coaſt;
And launch'd his light'ning to conſume
The proud Invader's routed hoſt.
Brave perils rais'd his noble name:
But thou deriv'ſt thy matchleſs fame
From ſcenes, where deadlier danger dwells;
Where fierce Contagion, with affright, repels
Valor's advent'rous ſtep from her malignant cells.

* CHARLES HOWARD, Earl of Nottingham.

Where in the dungeon's loathſome ſhade,
The ſpeechleſs Captive clanks his chain,
With heartleſs hope to raiſe that aid
His feeble cries have call'd in vain:
Thine eye his dumb complaint explores;
Thy voice his parting breath reſtores;
Thy cares his ghaſtly viſage clear
From Death's chill dew, with many a clotted tear,
And to his thankful ſoul returning life endear.

What precious Drug, or ſtronger Charm,
Thy conſtant fortitude inſpires
In ſcenes, whence, muttering her alarm,
Med'cine *, with ſelfiſh dread, retires?
Nor Charm, nor Drug, diſpel thy fears:
Temperance, thy better guard, appears:
For thee I ſee her fondly fill
Her cryſtal cup from Nature's pureſt rill;
Chief nouriſher of life! beſt antidote of ill!

* Muſſabat tacito Medecina timore. LUCRETIUS.

I ſee

I ſee the hallow'd ſhade of HALES *,
Who felt, like thee, for human woe,
And taught the health-diffuſing gales
Thro' Horror's murky cells to blow,
As thy protecting angel wait;
To ſave thee from the ſnares of Fate,
Commiſſion'd from the Eternal Throne:
I hear him praiſe, in wonder's warmeſt tone,
The virtues of thy heart, more active than his own.

* STEPHEN HALES, miniſter of Teddington: he died at the age of 84, 1761; and has been juſtly called "An ornament to his profeſſion, as a clergyman, "and to his country, as a philoſopher." I had the happineſs of knowing this excellent man, when I was very young; and well remember the warm glow of benevolence which uſed to animate his countenance, in relating the ſucceſs of his various projects for the benefit of mankind. I have frequently heard him dwell with great pleaſure on the fortunate incident which led him to the diſcovery of his Ventilator, to which I have alluded.—He had ordered a new floor for one of his rooms; his carpenter not having prepared the work ſo ſoon as he expected, he thought the ſeaſon improper for laying down new boards, when they were brought to his houſe, and gave orders for their being depoſited in his barn;—from their accidental poſition in that place, he caught his firſt idea of this uſeful invention.

Thy ſoul ſupplies new funds of health
That fail not, in the trying hour,
Above Arabia's ſpicy wealth
And Pharmacy's reviving power.
The tranſports of the generous mind,
Feeling its bounty to mankind,
Inſpirit every mortal part;
And, far more potent than precarious art,
Give radiance to the eye, and vigor to the heart.

Bleſt HOWARD! who like thee can feel
This vital ſpring in all its force?
New ſtar of philanthropic zeal;
Enlight'ning nations in thy courſe!
And ſhedding Comfort's heavenly dew
On meagre Want's deſerted crew!
Friend to the wretch, whom friends diſclaim,
Who feels ſtern Juſtice, in his famiſh'd frame,
A perſecuting fiend beneath an angel's name.

Authority!

Authority ! unfeeling power,
Whoſe iron heart can coldly doom
The Debtor, drag'd from Pleaſure's bower,
To ſicken in the dungeon's gloom !
O might thy terror-ſtriking call,
Profuſion's ſons alone enthrall !
But thou canſt Want with Guilt confound :
Thy bonds the Man of virtuous toil ſurround,
Driven by malicious Fate within thy dreary bound.

How ſavage are thy ſtern decrees ?
Thy cruel miniſter I ſee
A weak, laborious victim ſeize,
By worth entitled to be free !
Behold, in the afflicting ſtrife,
The faithful partner of his life,
In vain thy ruthleſs ſervant court,
To ſpare her little children's ſole ſupport,
Whom this terrific form has frighten'd from their ſport.

Nor weeps ſhe only from the thought,
Thoſe infants muſt no longer ſhare
His aid, whoſe daily labour bought
The pittance of their ſcanty fare.
The horrors of the loathſome jail
Her inly-bleeding heart aſſail:
E'en now her fears, from fondneſs bred,
See the loſt partner of her faithful bed
Drop, in that murd'rous ſcene, his pale, expiring head.

Take comfort yet in theſe keen pains,
Fond mourner! check thy guſhing tears!
The dungeon now no more contains
Thoſe perils which thy fancy fears:
No more Contagion's baleful breath
Speaks it the hideous cave of Death:
HOWARD has planted ſafety there;
Pure miniſter of light! his heavenly care
Has purg'd the damp of Death from that polluted air.

Nature! on thy maternal breaſt
For ever be his worth engrav'd!
Thy boſom only can atteſt
How many a life his toil has ſav'd:
Nor in thy reſcued Sons alone,
Great Parent! this thy guardian own!
His arm defends a dearer ſlave;
Woman, thy darling! 'tis his pride to ſave*
From evils, that ſurpaſs the horrors of the grave.

Ye ſprightly nymphs, by Fortune nurſt,
Who ſport in Joy's unclouded air,
Nor ſee the diſtant ſtorms, that burſt
In ruin on the humble Fair;

* Mr. HOWARD has been the happy inſtrument of preſerving female priſoners from an infamous and indecent outrage.—It was formerly a cuſtom in our gaols to load their legs and thighs with irons, for the deteſtable purpoſe of extorting money from theſe injured ſufferers.—This circumſtance, unknown to me when the Ode was written, has tempted me to introduce the few additional ſtanzas, as it is my ardent wiſh to render this tribute to an exalted character as little unworthy as I can of the very extenſive and ſublime merit which it aſpires to celebrate.

Ye know not to what bitter ſmart
A kindred form, a kindred heart,
Is often doom'd, in life's low vale,
Where frantic fears the ſimple mind aſſail,
And fierce afflictions preſs, and friends and fortune fail.

See yon' ſweet ruſtic, drown'd in tears!
It is not Guilt—'tis Miſery's flood,
While dire Suſpicion's charge ſhe hears
Of ſhedding infant, filial blood:
Nature's fond dupe! but not her foe!
That form, that face, the falſhood ſhew:—
Yet Law exacts her ſtern demand;
She bids the dungeon's grating doors expand,
And the young captive faints beneath the gaoler's hand.

Ah, ruffian! ceaſe thy ſavage aim!
She cannot 'ſcape thy harſh controul:
Shall iron load that tender frame,
And enter that too-yielding ſoul?---

Unfeeling

Unfeeling wretch! of baſeſt mind!
To miſery deaf, to beauty blind!
I ſee thy victim vainly plead;
For the worſt fiend of hell's malignant breed,
Extortion, grins applauſe, and prompts thy ruthleſs deed.

With brutal force, and ribbald jeſt,
Thy manacles I ſee thee ſhake;
Mocking the merciful requeſt,
That Modeſty and Juſtice make;
E'en Nature's ſhriek, with anguiſh ſtrong,
Fails to ſuſpend the impious wrong;
Till HOWARD's hand, with brave diſdain,
Throws far away this execrable chain:
O Nature, ſpread his fame thro' all thy ample reign!

His Care, exulting BRITAIN found
Here firſt diſplay'd, not here confin'd!

No ſingle tract of earth could bound
The active virtues of his mind.
To all the lands, where'er the tear,
That mourn'd the Priſoner's wrongs ſevere,
Sad Pity's gliſt'ning cheek impearl'd,
Eager he ſteer'd, with every ſail unfurl'd,
A friend to every clime! a Patriot of the World!

Ye nations thro' whoſe fair domain
Our flying ſons of joy have paſt,
By Pleaſure driven with looſen'd rein,
Aſtoniſh'd that they flew ſo faſt!
How did the heart-improving ſight
Awake your wonder and delight,
When, in her unexampled chace,
Philanthropy outſtript keen Pleaſure's pace,
When with a warmer ſoul ſhe ran a nobler race!

Where-

Where-e'er her generous Briton went,
Princes his ſupplicants became:
He ſeem'd the enquiring angel, ſent
To ſcrutinize their ſecret ſhame *.
Captivity, where he appear'd,
Her languid head with tranſport rear'd;
And gazing on her godlike gueſt,
Like thoſe of old, whom Heaven's pure ſervant bleſt,
E'en by his ſhadow ſeem'd of demons diſpoſſeſt.

Amaz'd her foreign children cry,
Seeing their patron paſs along;
"O! who is he, whoſe daring eye
Can ſearch into our hidden wrong?
What monarch's Heaven-directed mind,
With royal bounty unconfin'd,

* I am credibly informed that ſeveral Princes, or at leaſt perſons in authority, requeſted Mr. Howard not to publiſh a minute account of ſome priſons, which reflected diſgrace on their government.

Has

Has tempted Freedom's ſon to ſhare
Theſe perils; ſearching with an angel's care
Each cell of dire Diſeaſe, each cavern of Deſpair?"

No monarch's word, nor lucre's luſt,
Nor vain ambition's reſtleſs fire,
Nor ample power, that ſacred truſt!
His life-diffuſing toils inſpire:
Rous'd by no voice, ſave that whoſe cries
Internal bid the ſoul ariſe
From joys, that only ſeem to bleſs,
From low purſuits, which little minds poſſeſs,
To Nature's nobleſt aim, the Succour of Diſtreſs!

Taught by that God, in Mercy's robe,
Who his cœleſtial throne reſign'd,
To free the priſon of the globe
From vice, th' oppreſſor of the mind!
For thee, of miſery's rights bereft,
For thee, Captivity! he left

Inviting Eaſe, who, in her bower,
Bade him with ſmiles enjoy the golden hour,
While Fortune deck'd his board with Pleaſure's feſtive
flower.

While to thy virtue's utmoſt ſcope
I boldly ſtrive my aim to raiſe
As high as mortal hand may hope
To ſhoot the glittering * ſhaft of Praiſe;
Say! HOWARD, ſay! what may the Muſe,
Whoſe melting eye thy merit views,
What guerdon may her love deſign?
What may ſhe aſk for thee, from Power Divine,
Above the rich rewards which are already thine?

Sweet is the joy when Science flings
Her light on philoſophic thought;
When Genius, with keen ardor, ſprings
To claſp the lovely truth he ſought:

* . . . . ανδρα δ' εγω κεινον
Αινησαι μενοινων, ελπομαι
Μη χαλκοπαραον ακοιθ' ωσει τ' αγω-
νος βαλειν εξω παλαμα δονεων. PINDAR.

Sweet is the joy, when Rapture's fire
Flows from the ſpirit of the lyre;
When Liberty and Virtue roll
Spring-tides of fancy o'er the poet's ſoul,
That waft his flying bark thro' ſeas above the pole.

Sweet the delight, when the gall'd heart
Feels Conſolation's lenient hand
Bind up the wound from Fortune's dart
With Friendſhip's life-ſupporting band!
And ſweeter ſtill, and far above
Theſe fainter joys, when pureſt Love
The ſoul his willing captive keeps!
When he in bliſs the melting ſpirit ſteeps,
Who drops delicious tears, and wonders that he weeps!

But not the brighteſt joy, which Arts,
In floods of mental light, beſtow;
Nor what firm Friendſhip's zeal imparts,
Bleſt antidote of bittereſt woe!

Nor thoſe that Love's ſweet hours diſpenſe,
Can equal the ecſtatic ſenſe,
When, ſwelling to a fond exceſs,
The grateful praiſes of reliev'd diſtreſs,
Re-echoed thro' the heart, the ſoul of Bounty bleſs.

Theſe tranſports, in no common ſtate,
Supremely pure, ſublimely ſtrong,
Above the reach of envious fate,
Bleſt HOWARD! theſe to thee belong:
While years encreaſing o'er thee roll,
Long may this ſunſhine of the ſoul
New vigor to thy frame convey!
Its radiance thro' thy noon of life diſplay,
And with ſereneſt light adorn thy cloſing day!

And when the Power, who joys to ſave,
Proclaims the guilt of earth forgiven;
And calls the priſoners of the grave
To all the liberty of Heaven:

In that bright day, whoſe wonders blind
The eye of the aſtoniſh'd mind;
When life's glad angel ſhall reſume
His ancient ſway, announce to Death his doom,
And from exiſtence drive that tyrant of the tomb:

In that bleſt hour, when Seraphs ſing
The triumphs gain'd in human ſtrife;
And to their new aſſociates bring
The wreaths of everlaſting life:
May'ſt thou, in Glory's hallow'd blaze,
Approach the Eternal Fount of Praiſe,
With thoſe who lead the angelic van,
Thoſe pure adherents to their Saviour's plan,
Who liv'd but to relieve the Miſeries of Man!

FINIS.